

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitrable stuffe,
If damned custome haue not brafd it so,
That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought sick at the act

Quee. Ay me, what act?

Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hyperions curls, the front of *Ioue* himselfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where every God did seeme to set his scale
To giue the world assurance of a man,

Prince of Denmark

This was your husband, looke you
Heere is your husband like a mildew
Blasting his wholsome brother, ha
Could you on this faire mountaine
And batten on this Moore; ha, ha
You cannot call it loue, for at your
The heyday in the blood is tame, it
And waits vppon the iudgement,
Would step from this to this, sence
Els could you not haue motion, but
Is appoplext, for madnesse would
Nor sence to extacie was nere so t
But it referu'd some quantity of cl
To serue in such a difference, wha
That thus hath cosund you at hoo
Eyes without feeling, feeling with
Eares without hands, or eyes, sme
Or but a sickly part of one true sen
Could not so mope: ô shame whe
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matron
To flaming youth let vertue be as
And melt in her owne fire, procl
When the compulsiue ardure gi
Since frost it selfe as actiue doth
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more
Thou turnst my very eyes into m
And there I see such blacke and
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck sweat of an insecme
Stewed in corruption, honying,
Over the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter
No more sweete *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a vill
A slaue that is not twentieth part

This